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THE SHARK. AN ADVENTURE BY SEA.

Several years ago, I was chief mate of a fine brig, with an excellent captain. Our second officer was an old Spanish lieutenant, who had escaped from the well known wreck of the Brig Sophie, near Cape Blanc. This poor man, haunted by the remembrance of the cruel captivity which after his shipwreck, he had endured among the Moors, was rendered miserable by a settled conviction that he was doomed to experience some even greater misfortune, or to be the innocent cause of some terrible catastrophe on board the vessel. So completely was he absorbed by this superstitious presentiment, that he never took command of the watch without predicting some fast-approach difficulty or danger: and it must be acknowledged, that every thing which occurred, appeared as if designed to confirm his belief in the fatality which had marked his life. If a fair wind changed or died away, it was always during the watch of the Spanish lieutenant. If a tremendous shower poured down upon the deck, it was always he, who received it.—Whenever he wished to give the order, "Largue l'ancre de misaine," (Let go the fore-sheet,) he would cry out to the men, with his Iberian pronunciation, "Largue l'ancre de misaine," (Let go the fore-sheet of the fore-sail,) and the burst of laughter with which the order was received, was felt by him as the precursor of some indefinite, but certain calamity.

This poor creature after his escape from the wreck at Cape Blanc, had been seized by the savage blacks; and in a bargain which they had made with a party of Arabs, for some camels, he had been thrown in, to balance the account; and as nothing which partakes of the whimsical or the ludicrous, ever escapes the notice of a sailor, every allusion to that circumstance, which could be found or invented by the men, without exposing themselves to a reprimand from the captain or myself, was seized with the greatest avidity.

The unfortunate lieutenant frequently became angry at their incessant jokes; but it was of no avail; and he could only mourn at the prospect of the terrible future, which was to be expected after all this careless mirth. We were often amused with his whimsical sufferings, which it was not in our power to relieve.

After several days of fair wind, we had passed to the south of the Canary Islands, and were sailing towards the Gulf of Guinea. The tropical calms soon began to impede our progress, and the intense heat was almost suffocating. As a temporary relief from the burning rays of the almost vertical sun, we sometimes threw ourselves into casks filled with salt water, which soon, however, arose to a temperature almost equal to that of the air by which we were surrounded. Bathing in the sea, in the vicinity of the vessel, would have been a great relief, had not our fears been continually excited on account of sharks.—Our captain, however, had less apprehension than ourselves. He had freely indulged in sea bathing, during his voyages to the Colonies, without meeting with any accident.

While lying in his cabin, during a dead calm, he would frequently cry to the man at the wheel:

"Helmman, does the brig go ahead?"
"No sir,—she does not feel the helm."
"Is there any appearance of wind?"
"No sir,—the water is as bright as silver: the clouds do not move."

And then our captain with a Madras handkerchief bound over his head, would throw himself into the sea, which he furrowed with surprising rapidity, sometimes breasting the water and then plunging beneath the almost motionless keel of our large brig.

Occasionally, while he was indulging in this recreation, our sails were gently swelled by the wind; and after taking our happy commander from the water, I would get the vessel under weigh, while he was in the cabin, preparing to make his appearance, refreshed and invigorated, upon the quarter deck.

One morning, during a perfect calm, he had thrown himself into the sea, before breakfast, as he had regularly done for several days before. Being fatigued with a long night-watch, I was preparing to go below, for a few moments of repose, leaving the command to the old lieutenant; but he, tormented with his everlasting presentiments of misfortune, so earnestly desired me to remain on deck, that unwilling to leave him entirely to his terrors, I was constrained to continue walking by his side.

"Look here," said he, "when the captain is bathing in that manner in the sea, I never can feel quiet. I am so unhappy!"

For that time, at least, the superstitious feelings of the lieutenant, were not without an adequate cause.

A little boy, who was then at sea for the first time, sat perched upon the end of the bowsprit, gazing with delight upon the slow motion of the water as it rolled beneath the vessel. Two or three times, we had heard the grumbling voice of the boatswain calling him to come on deck; but with a degree of obstinacy at which we were somewhat astonished, he persisted in remaining in that situation with which he appeared so much pleased. I was about to add an imperative order to the one which had repeatedly been given by the boatswain Dufresne; when the little marmot suddenly cried out, "We shall certainly see some fish now, for yonder is a great large one swimming."

The exclamation of the boy, immediately arrested my attention. I hastened forward followed by the lieutenant; and looked eagerly towards the spot, pointed out by the little fellow, who was delighted with his discovery. An enormous shark was lying supinely, about two feet under the surface of the water, scratching with his mottled side and grey flaps against the copper on the bow of the brig.

I could scarcely command my feelings, so much had they been excited by the view of that ravenous monster. The crew, who were devotedly attached to their captain, were as much bewildered as myself. The poor lieutenant was so completely overpowered, that he could not even utter his eternal commentary upon the wretchedness of his destiny. But all eyes were immediately turned towards the captain, who was carelessly floating within twenty fathoms of the brig, with as much tranquillity as if he had been lying in the bosom of a swimming-shoal.

There was urgent need for some immediate steps to be taken; but what to do, it was difficult to decide. I could think of but one expedient; and this was, of course, without consultation, for every one round me stood as if thunderstruck. Terror was stamped on every feature—an every brow.—I ordered the large shark-hook to be hoisted, in order, if possible, to amuse the terrible enemy, while I should call to the captain.

I hastily sprang upon the stern netting, with a speaking trumpet.

"Captain will you come on board? The wind freshens, and the brig begins to move."

On hearing my voice, he raised his head as far as possible above the water; and answered with perfect indifference.

"No: you do not move. The brig lies at the same distance from me. Where do you see the wind?"

"Come on board, I entreat you. I tell you that I feel the wind—it is rising. You see that I have been obliged to leave the brig too, to wait for you."

"Well, don't be angry about it—don't be angry. Nobody is dying—I am coming."

And, as if to prolong our torments, he did come indeed; but displaying his feats of agility; and dashing up the water with his arms, with great apparent delight; every slow motion being agony to us, who were shuddering in the rapid alternations of hope and fear.

I might indeed have lowered the boat: but the noise would have attracted the shark. I thought it most prudent to detain him, if possible, at the bow of the vessel. Besides, in such a situation, one is perplexed in making choice of the most proper expedients, where all are fraught with great and immediate danger;

I stood waiting the captain's approach; and in the most agonizing suspense, measuring with my eye, the distance which still separated him from the brig; every instant, expecting to see the ravenous monster springing forward for its prey.

At length he arrived. A cold sweat was over my whole frame. One moment would decide his fate for life or death! Never did a drama hastening to its catastrophe, appear half so dreadful, so terrific!

Four men were stationed in the larboard main chains, ready to drag him from the water, as soon as he should come within their grasp. There they hung, leaning forward, panting with anxiety, and glaring upon him, as so many starved wolves would watch the motions of a lamb which was unconsciously approaching their lurking place.

He is along side: but unconscious of his danger, he slowly rises one of his arms.—They seize him; and with a single motion, he is thrown from the chain-plate, upon the deck. Just in time! The shark had at that instant left bow of the brig, and was moving along her side.

"Why, what was the cause of your calling me to come on board in such a hurry?" said he, as soon as he found himself standing upon the deck: "there is no more wind here, than there is in the bottom of the bread-room."

"Why did I call you?—come here, and I will show you."

I led him to the side of the vessel, and said, "Look there; and you will see the cause."

He gave one glance at the enormous shark from which he had just escaped.—This man, courageous as he was, could not support the sight. He fainting in my arms; so great was his emotion at the thought of the fearful danger to which he had been exposed, even although that danger had then ceased to exist.

"Oh, well!" whined the old lieutenant, looking up to me with the most pitiful expression;

"when I tell you that I am so unhappy!"
"But if you had not been so 'unhappy,' as you say, the captain would have been devoured by the shark. What do you sing that everlasting tune for?"

"Yes; but if you had not remained on deck, the captain would have been swallowed like a fresh herring. I am so—"

"The shark! the shark is ours!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at that instant. "He has taken the hook—the rascal—haul away! on deck with him!"

The victim had just seized the hook, attracted by the lard which I had put upon it with the bait. Its account was soon settled. The captain who had recovered from his swoon, declined the honor of striking the first blow with an axe upon the tail of the monster. It measured ten feet in length, and three hours after its death, the heart was still palpitating, although exposed in the sun, on the summit of the round-house.

The conquered enemy supplied the crew with a hearty meal: and in the evening, our old lieutenant, while making his supper from a tough piece of the monster, with some biscuit, said to me "Oh, that rogue, who used to eat every thing without cooking, would have swallowed our captain, as I do him—Oh, I am so unhappy!"

There are two books from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature, that universal manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathens. The natural motion of the sun made them more admire him, than its supernatural station did the children of Israel. The ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles. Surely the heathen knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature.

The voice of inspiration has enjoined hospitality as a duty. The dictates of nature concur in pronouncing it a virtue. In the simplicity of ancient times, it flourished as a vigorous plant. The traveller found beneath its wide spreading barches, a shelter from the noon-day sun, and a cover from the storm. But nations in their approaches to refinement, have been prone to neglect it. They have hedged it about with ceremonies, and encumbered it with trappings, till its virtues faded or its roots perished. 1b.

PARTY.—From an oration delivered in Boston, July 4, 1825, by Charles Sprague, Esq. We make the following extract. Let it receive a little attention and thought. There is a great truth in the remarks. Speaking of party spirit, he says: "we have nothing to dread from the animosities of party. However turbulent, they will be harmless. Far distant be the day, when it shall be said of this country, that it has no parties, for it must be also said, if any one be bold enough to say it, that it has no liberties. Let hawk-eyed jealousy be forever on the alert, to watch the foot-steps of power."

"Fear not party zeal, it is the salt of your existence. There are no parties under a despotism. There no man lingers round a ballot box; no man drinks the poison of a licentious press; no man plots treason at a debating society; no man distrusts his head about the science of government. All there, is a calm, unruffled sea—even a dead sea of black and bitter waters. But we move upon a living stream, forever pure, forever rolling. Its mighty tide sometimes flows higher, and rushes faster, than it's wont, and as it bounds and foams and dashes along in sparkling violence, it now and then throws up its fleecy cloud; but this rises only to disappear, and as it fades away before the sunbeams of intelligence and patriotism, you behold upon its bosom the radiant signal of returning peace, arching up to declare that there is no danger."

Suppose a man find by his own inclination he has no mind to marry, may he not then vow chastity? If he does, what a fine thing he has done! 'Tis as if a man did not love cheese, and then he would vow to God Almighty never to eat cheese. He that vows can mean no more in sense than this; to do his utmost endeavor to keep his vow.

Joe Munden was once at a dinner party, placed behind a launch of venison, and requested to carve it. "Really gentlemen," said he, "I do declare I know very little about table anatomy; launch—some favorite *don moreau*, I dare say there is, but where to pick for it." A dozen knives instantly started from the cloth, and Munden was instructed where the rich meat lay. Joe worked out the prime slice, loaded it with rich sauce and jelly, and then with his plate in his hand looked through his glasses round the table. Every mouth watered, every hand was ready, and every tooth prepared.

"Really, gentlemen," said the comedian, "I wish I could please you all; but if I give the tit-bit to one, I shall offend the rest; so egad! I added he, pushing the dish from him, 'I'll keep it myself, and let every gentleman help himself to what he likes best!'"

Irish Logic.—"That's a fine stream for trout, friend," observed a piscatorial acquaintance, the other day, to a genuine "Sprig," from the emerald isle, who was whipping away with great vigor at a well known and favorite pool, "Fait and it must be the same, sure enough," returned Pat, "for deuce a one of 'em 'till stir out of it!"

A young gentleman paid his addresses to a young lady, by whose mother he was unfavorably received. "How hard," said he to the young lady, "to separate those whom love has united." "Very hard, indeed," replied she with great innocence, at the same time throwing her arms round his neck, "and so mother will find it."

SORROW.

There is sorrow in the world, that deserves little or no pity, and there is sorrow too deep to be soothed, but in the grave. That is the sorrow felt by her who sees the husband of her early affection going fast to the drunkard's grave, and to the abodes of blackness and darkness forever? We can see our friends suffer; we may stand by and witness the amputation of a limb—and we may pity; but when we see the being that we have loved, deliberately sacrificing both body and soul, to a demon that has slain his thousands, and delights in carnage and blood; it is this that will cause sorrow that mocks all consolation. It is a worm that never dies. To lean on the arm of a tottering inebriate—to sleep on the couch with the startings, troubled, maddened, woe-begone, sleepless drunkard; are living, abiding sorrows, that can die only with life itself. And such sorrows poor woman feels and endures because she cannot die—because she is not constituted to suffer, till the attenuated life has spun its last fibre, and the bleeding heart has throbbled its last. When the grave shall tell—when the trump of the Archangel shall reanimate the sleeping dead—Then, O! then, the murdered, slain—the thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands of immortal wives should be swift witnesses against the cruel assassin, who drop by drop has drained the last particle of blood from the heart of her whom he hath sworn to love and cherish; who has wept and hoped, entreated and prayed till despair had fastened its talons, and the angel of mercy had fled forever!—[Female Adv.]

TAHITIEN BARBERS.

Sometimes the men pluck the beard out by the roots, shave it off with a shark's tooth, or remove it with the edges of two shells, acting like the blades of a pair of scissors, by cutting against each other; while others allowed the beard to grow, sometimes twisting and braiding it together. These fashions however have all disappeared, and the beard is generally at least shaved once a week, and by the chiefs more frequently. These cut their whiskers rather singularly sometimes, and leave a narrow strip of their beard on the upper lip, resembling mustachios; the greater part, however, remove the beard altogether, which must often be no easy task.

There are no barbers by profession, yet every man is not his own barber, but contrives to shave his neighbour, and is in return shaved by him. Some of the most ludicrous scenes ever exhibited in the islands occur while they are thus employed. A few of the chiefs are so far advanced in civilization as to use soap; the farmers cannot understand how it can help to remove the beard, they therefore dispense with it altogether. When the edge of the razor or knife is adjusted, the person to undergo the operation, in order to be quite stationary, lies flat on his back on the ground, sometimes in his house, at other times under the shade of a tree and his friend kneels down over him, and commences his labor. When he has finished he lays himself down, and the man who is shaved, gets up, and performs the same office for his friend. Sometimes the razor becomes rather dull, and sometimes more than a little additional strength is necessary. A whetstone is then applied to the edge; but if this be not at hand, the man gets up half-shaved, and both go together to the nearest grindstone; and I have beheld that transition from the grindstone to the chin is sometimes direct, without any intermediate application to the edge of the razor. The hone and strap, however, have been introduced, and ere long will probably supersede the use of the grindstone, and also of the whetstone.

The Judges of the Court of Session, in case of their being unable to attend, always send an excuse to the Lord President. On one occasion, when Lord Stonefield sent an apologetic note, Lord Braxfield asked the President in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him be?" "My Lord," answered the President, "he has lost his wife." "Lost his wife!" exclaimed Braxfield, whose comical wit was not the most happy; "that is a good excuse truly; I wish we had a 'same'!"

A Convincing Radical Argument.—The following is part of a speech actually delivered at a recent meeting in Theobald's Road, by one of the "Union." "Why has Lord Exeter a horse? Why has he a cow?—why have I no horse and you no cow? Why, I ask. 'I pause for a reply!' Did he make that horse? Did he make that cow?—Roars of no, no. Then I say, he has no right to that horse—no right to that cow!—Cries of bravo! hear, hear."

[From the Boston Statesman.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ARISTOCRACY.

When the opposition to the democracy of this State urge upon the people the claims of their Adams or their Davis to the Chief Magistracy, and are told that they are aristocrats and regardless of the rights of the people, they treat the idea with affected contempt, and shrewdly wonder where a man can find an aristocracy in this republican land—such things may be over the water, but not here.

Now do these men suppose that an aristocracy is created by the influence of stee, garters and ribbons? those marks which royal authority sets upon men to designate their order and inclinations.

Aristocrats exist by nature, and are made manifest by the ordinary evolutions of society. In different communities, and in different ages, they are differently developed. So in different national exigencies; in war, in peace, by sword, by purse, or, as now in our own country, by monopolies and bank credit.

Nor are they confined to upper circles, and to great cities—aristocrats are in all our villages. I have known a toaster and grinder of cacoanuts make a very conceited one. He gained by his business fifteen hundred dollars, and although in public office he never went higher than to be pall-bearer at respectable funerals—yet he had the most money, and therefore, by comparison, was the greatest man in his circle.

There is a story of an aristocratic Cape Cod family, which may illustrate this matter more fully. It was far down in that region where the towns stretch from shore to shore, & where the meeting houses are on stilts, out of the way of drift-sand, and whither mothers and their daughters on holy Sabbath morns repair thro' long and sandy roads, with dinners in their pockets, and shoes & stockings in their hands, happy to find a grassy spot whereon to clasp down, and slip them on clean before service time. In a town like this, there once lived a man who was a blacksmith of surpassing industry and economy, and whom, for reasons not known, his neighbors called Ratty Snub. A wife he had, but when or how they married he hardly knew. The days of his youth ran back to the times of bundling in New England, when people got married almost in childhood, and before they exactly understood what they were about. A wife then, like a mother, seemed to come somehow of nature's bounty, a necessary equipment for a man to complete life's purpose, as his own fingers and toes. And these on a time found themselves at house-keeping, and in business together; but as Snub could not afford apprentice or journeyman, and his shop being by the town school, when the boys came out for sweet water, sweet air, or for other necessary purposes, he would coax them in to blow and strike, and pay them by praising their smartness.—Sometimes indeed, a strong youngster would get the promise of a knife-blade or steel-trap—but Snub rarely made these contracts, and yet more rarely fulfilled them.

Like other prudent householders in his town, he kept live stock. His horned cattle, according to custom, dove for water-grass in summer and eat cod's heads and other small fish in winter, and his pigs and his poultry fed as Snub and his wife pleased. Yet these signs of good living were not, in those days, substance in the mouths of the family—they might smell bacon and lick new laid eggs, but never break a shell; in a fishing town these were cash articles—and they might as well, he would say "eat the dollars right down."

Nor was Mistress Snub a whit behind her husband in the virtues of industry and economy. She would spin, churn, and rock the cradle at the same time; and when she baked, she would iron; and when she had no fire she would heat dishwater by the sun. And so they went on, and some of the children grew up, and Snub began to be a monied man.

He first bought into the salt works, which abound in Cape Cod, and then two mackerel schooners, and surprised every body by ready payment in hard money. And he surprised Mrs. Snub too.—What! she exclaimed, my husband own two mackerel schooners—bless his heart, poor man, where could he get the money to buy them. Still she spun, churned & rocked the cradle, and warmed her dishwater as usual, and Mr. Snub speculated in mackerel schooners until his possessions became the town talk. This induced Mrs. Snub at length to pause and consider, and she could not fail to read in the department of all towards her, that she was now a rich man's wife. The school master would spend whole evenings at her house, and chat with the young ladies, and the minister's horse also stood frequently at Snub's post.—These flatteries produced a general glow of excited self-consequence, and a little aristocracy

...they first, in the Adams' began to deprecate old acquaintance and associations. They then snubbed the old house, which had so long sheltered their rising glories, and they argued with Mr. Snub, the daughters by day and the mother by night, on the subject of a new one. Wearied at length the good man seemed to yield, but as he described their future mansion the girls so disputed about precedence in the occupation of the chambers, that he had to interpose his authority to quell the tumult. Nor could they induce him again to return to the subject, always alleging his fears for the harmony of his family, and thus he saved his money for other uses.

We now come to the Revolution, and that event fully developed Snub's aristocracy. Having no faith in the people's cause or government, he was a Tory. Fools might fight and spend their money, but he kept his, except paper dollars. These found no resting place in his pockets—he worked them hard, as we do bank money now—turning them rapidly off for old iron, cod fish, or even Cape Cod land. But when certificates of debt and soldier's notes appeared, he looked at them and considered. They were transferable, and with ready-money he formed his plan. Gathering all his substance, he bid Cape Cod farewell, and came with his family to Boston. Where he dwelt, shall not be told, but he himself has declared that he spread his money changer's table in the market place, and thereon skilfully arranged the money bags to meet the public eye, much as you may now see them in the U. S. Branch Bank in business hours. And as he in former days coaxed into his blacksmith's shop the little school-boys, to blow and strike, so now with equal art he coaxed around his money-table the war-veterans of the Revolution—and by the double process of deprecating the credit of his country, and displaying the silver before their eyes, he would induce the soldiers to take for their notes, eight, six, and even two shillings on the pound. And so greedily he bought, and so vigorously he pushed his possessions into government paper, that he would hardly spare her who once could spin and churn, and rock the cradle at the same time. But alas! poor woman—her body rested in a sandy grave.

Snub was now by purchase a creditor to the government to an immense amount—and being thus situated, he turned politician.

But God preserve that people whose public councils are influenced by such patriots; and yet he now belonged to that class who ever struggle to be made richer and more powerful, by legislative enactments. He was numbered with the aristocracy, or in modern phrase, the Big Bugs, and his fortune and power depended on the mere machinery of the government. His soul longed after the Treasury, as his only hope and all readers of his history know its peculiar distraction at this period. It was the Hamiltonian age of finance in the nation, and old Snub, with other Snubs and Bugs as big as himself and in *pari delicto*, stimulated and assisted that renowned statesman in all his fiscal schemes, until their old soldier notes, at their full value, were safely turned into good stock of the first United States Bank.

And here political scenes of great moment advanced, and it would be easy to proceed and tell how the labors and associations incident to these moneyed and other interested arrangements founded a political party, the remnant of which still lingers and struggles for influence among us; and now the elder Adams reigned, and party strife succeeded. Snub was in his special graces. But he saw not the end. His days were now numbered and finished, and they buried him under the marble stone.

His family—yes, the Snub family—were aristocratic, and could nose most contemptuously, the common people. The daughters, who once quarrelled about the chambers, were fortunes, and married to the sprigs and dandies of the aristocracy—and the sons always held fast to the Cape Cod money.

True to the politics of their ancestor, they always opposed the General Government, after the first Adams—and when the second Adams spit at and reviled them, with the rest of the New England aristocracy, they bore it with becoming meekness, and turned to him both cheeks. And whether they are now nationals or anties, is uncertain.

They are moreover, U. S. Bankites, and cry out lustily against the tyrant of the depositories—for no doubt there are in the vaults of that institution, dollars cheated by Snub out of the old soldiers, shaken together in the same bag with others most worthily saved in bacon and eggs, by her who could spin, churn, and rock the cradle, at the same time.

The following interesting anecdote is from 'Indian Wars in the West,' a new work, from the pen of the Rev. Timothy Flint.

[Saco Democrat.] "An amusing incident which occurred in a second Indian expedition against Wheeling, serves to break the gloomy uniformity of these chronicles. The house of Colonel Zane, outside of the fort containing a supply of ammunition, and was garrisoned by seven or eight persons, male and female, besides his own family. He was determined to maintain it. The savage army approached and before firing upon the fort, demanded the surrender of the house. A brief and well directed fire was the reply. The women, as usual moulded bullets, charged the guns, and handed them to the men, enabling them to fire with so much vivacity, as to cause the assailants to recoil. By night they attempted to fire the house. A savage crawled to the kitchen, and while waving a brand in the air, to kindle the fire so as to communicate it, received

a shot from a black man, which sent him yelling away. An incident which promised the savages success in the end, operated in favor of the besieged. A small boat from Fort Pitt, bound to the falls of the Ohio, loaded with cannon balls, put to shore at Wheeling. It was steered by one man who, though slightly wounded, reached the fort. The boat of course fell into the hands of the savages. The had balls in abundance, and a single cannon would have enabled them to batter down the palisade. Necessity with the red as the white race is the mother of invention. A hollow log was procured with a cavity of calibre as nearly fitting the balls, as they could find. To render the new piece of ordinance safe, they adopted the ingenious expedient of applying chains they obtained from a blacksmith's shop hard by, and only twisted them around either end of the wooden cannon. It was then heavily charged, and pointed towards the palisade. Their imagination presented the walls battered down, and themselves entering to apply the tomahawk and scapling knife, they applied fire. Like the overcharged gun of Hudibras, the wooden mischief blew into a thousand fragments, killed a number, wounded more, and left the survivors staring in mute astonishment at the folly of meddling with the inventions of the white men.

Exasperated to frenzy, they returned from the discomfiture of the log cannon to the assault of the house. A deadly fire again compelled them to retire. Meanwhile the ammunition was failing and unless a supply could be obtained, the house must yield. It was proposed that some one should make a sally among the savages, and bring from the fort a keg of powder. Though the enterprise was forlorn, volunteers offered to assume it. A young sister of Colonel Zane, who had just returned from a boarding school in Philadelphia, was one of the number. When reminded of the advantage of fleetness and force, which man would have over her, the heroines replied 'that the loss of a woman would less felt.' Arranging her dress for that purpose, she bounded towards the fort. The besiegers under their native impulse, stood wrapt in admiration, and only exclaimed, 'a squaw! a squaw!' When arrived at the fort, Colonel Silas Zane, who commanded the fort, filled a tablecloth with the contents of a keg of powder, bound round her waist, and sent forth his fair and admirable kinswoman on her glorious errand. The Indians discovering the object of her mission, were no longer chained into inaction by the daring of the fair squaw! But she escaped untouched through a whole volley of balls, and reached the fort in safety. A party soon after relieved the fort, and raised the siege.

A Yankee Trade.—Some years ago, the dealers in hats, caps and furs, in a neighboring town, which has now risen to the importance of a city, entered into an agreement establishing a uniformity of prices, and in consequence, one of them posted up a highly emblazoned sign, bearing the inscription 'one invariable price strictly adhered to.' It chanced when this vender was sitting in his shop one day, musing upon the many bargains he had allowed to slide through his fingers by his adherence to the asking price, that person entered, who at first glance was found to be possessed of 'a shocking bad hat,' and our hero intuitively rose and handed down several of his new ones, from common to extra superior. The visitor was uncommonly fastidious in his taste; he could discern some blemish in every one offered for inspection, until the last hat of the top row was transferred from the shelf to the counter, and again from the counter to the head of the customer. It was so perfect that not a blemish could be detected. A smile pervaded the countenance of Aminadab, (who wore a white broad brim for a head piece, which denominated his religious creed,) as he saw that the buyer was suited, and when the price was inquired, mildly announced it to be six dollars. 'Six dollars,' exclaimed the other in astonishment, 'why I bought full as good a one last year for five dollars, surely that is sufficient for this.' 'Oh, no,' replied the shop keeper, 'I have one price, and must rigidly adhere to it.' 'Well, in that case I must try another store,' and he accordingly made for the door. Principal & interest were struggling furiously in the heart of Aminadab, and it was doubtful which would have obtained the ascendancy, had not a thought struck him by which he could secure the customer without any deviation from his established rule. 'Stop friend,' exclaimed he, 'I will tell the what I can do—I will give thee a dollar, and then thee can purchase the hat at my price—saying which, he took a silver dollar from his drawer and laid it on the counter, whence it was taken by the other, who, depositing it in his pocket, turned on his heel and left the shop saying, 'I will try elsewhere, and if I cannot do better, will return and purchase of you.'

[New Bedford Gaz.]

Mysterious and Melancholy Circumstance.—Week before last a well dressed female, apparently about 25 or 30 years of age, landed at Dunkirk, and on Friday came to this village. She stopped at the mail stage house, where she remained over night and till afternoon of the next day—appeared melancholy—said little or nothing to any one and called for nothing to eat. When she left she wanted to go to Coney's tavern, which is eight miles from this place, where she arrived at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Here also she appeared depressed in mind and retired early to bed. The next morning it was ascertained that she was quite ill, and a physician was sent for, though against her wish. The physician upon ascertaining her situation informed her that she could live but a short time

and she died about four o'clock in the afternoon. All the information she gave of herself was that her name was Melinda Smith—that she had a husband and three children living at Cleveland, Ohio, to whom she was returning, having been on a visit to her husband's relatives at Rutland, Vt. This statement, from attendant circumstances is thought not to be correct. She had with her a trunk containing considerable clothing, and in it was found a quantity of medicine which she said was given her by a physician in Buffalo, with directions for its use to produce an abortion; she stated that she had taken five doses of it. The attending physician upon examining it found it to be rank poison, and gave it as his opinion that one dose of it was sufficient to cause her death. The only opinion that can be gathered from the whole of the circumstance is, that she was betrayed and made the victim of some monster in human shape. She was decently buried, and her effects together with a sum of money which she had with her, are in the care of Mr. John R. Coney, subject to the request of legal claimants. [Fredonia Censor.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 6, 1833.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

ELECTION.—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

OXFORD DISTRICT.

Representative to Congress.

MOSES MASON, JR.

We are informed that there is a prospect that many of the towns in this county which gave their votes against the regularly nominated candidate for member of Congress at the late election, will not repeat the experiment, and that there is good reason to hope that unanimity will be so far restored as to ensure the election of Dr. Mason without difficulty. We sincerely hope that this may be done. The trouble and expense of these repeated trials to the people is no trifling matter, and an unyielding obstinacy of adherence to prejudices prevents that union without which there can be no strength. A party divided against itself cannot stand. If nominations when fairly made are to be disregarded, we cannot hope to effect a choice. Hitherto we believe there has not been much excitement or personal feeling on this question, and therefore we trust there will be found less difficulty in reconciling differences of opinion.

DAILY PAPERS.

The Age and Journal printed at Augusta in this State are to be issued daily during the session of the Legislature. The Age is a democratic and the Journal a National Republican paper. To those of our readers who wish to know more of the proceedings of our Legislature and to read more of the debates than we can find room for in our weekly sheet, we recommend one of these papers. They are both ably conducted. That is to say, the Journal is and the Age was, for we have not been favored with the sight of the latter for something like a year. We leave to our readers to judge how valuable it must be when it is too good to exchange with our paper. The price of each of these papers is one dollar during the Session. They may truly say that without a large number of subscribers they cannot expect to be remunerated for their trouble and expense.

The publisher of the Globe at Washington, proposes to issue a weekly paper on a large sheet to be called the "Congressional Globe," made up entirely of the proceedings of Congress to be continued during the Session of Congress at the price of one dollar.

THANKSGIVING.

The recurrence of this religious festival is blended with a thousand pleasant recollections in the minds of almost all. Youth looks forward to it as it does to whatever promises pleasure with fond anticipations of enjoyment, and to those of riper years the memory of the past supplies themes for reflection which though sometimes tinged with the hues of sadness, are nevertheless not without their interest. We love to see such days kept with the whole heart and soul. We have among us but few public holidays, and we would not that the number should be diminished or that those which remain should in any way be neglected. The return of this day carries back the mind to the period in which it was first instituted, & grown up as this part of our country has under its observance, its antiquity gives it an air of solemnity, which mingled with the innocent gaiety to which it is devoted, throws around it an aspect of sober pleasure in our opinion particularly suited to the occasion. We are a hard working, worldly people. In the earnestness of our pursuits we are apt to forget our religious and social obligations—to become in a degree unmindful of the favors we enjoy, and immersed in selfishness to find our sympathies with our fellow men weakened. We then need something to remind us of the one and the other. The religious solemnities of the day are calculated to awaken our gratitude to the Giver of all good, while the delights of social intercourse, open our hearts to those feelings of neighborly kindness which are twice blessed. We feel that we are members of the great human family, and that no man liveth for himself alone. It is also a time for the reassembling of friends around the family board, for the meeting of families that have been separated. If we find vacant seats that can never more be filled—if memory busies herself in reminding us how much we have lost, a moments reflection will convince us that we have still much to be grateful for. Let then this day be kept and honored by the Christian and philanthropist for its good influences, and by all for its pleasant recollections and present enjoyments.

It is probably not unknown to many of our readers, that in America, and also in England and on the Continent, a controversy has been going on for the last twenty years as to the comparative merits of written and unwritten law. Many distinguished jurists and statesmen are found ranged on each side. The one contending that the law should always be embodied in a written text, or reduced to statute law; and the other asserting the superiority of the unwritten, or common law, supposed to exist in ancient usages and customs, not recorded in books, but preserved in the memories of learned judges. The advocates of the former have generally been found among men of liberal political views, while the sticklers for existing establishments have usually arranged themselves on the side of unwritten or common law. Sir Samuel Romilly and Jeremy Bentham were codifiers; and at the present time the Westminster Review—an ultra liberal journal—is warmly in favor of codification. The issuing of this commission, then, will probably be regarded as a triumph by the movement or reform party in Great Britain; and will be felt by the conservatives as another step towards a revolution. The fact of its issuing at this time is another proof of the increasing influence of popular opinion in England.—[Argus.]

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MAINE:

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

The approaching close of another year, enriched by the usual beneficence of a bountiful Providence, again reminds us of our innumerable obligations to that ALMIGHTY BEING, whose guardian care regulates the Seasons, and liberally provides for the wants of all His creatures. To Him we are indebted for an abundant harvest, the general prevalence of Health, and the uninterrupted continuance of National Peace, Order and Prosperity. To His favor we would also gratefully ascribe the origin and continuance of our Republican Constitutions of Government, our civil and religious Privileges, our unequalled advantages for early Education, and all those inestimable blessings as co-terminous with the endearing relations of domestic life.

That the People of this State may have the opportunity unitedly to present their devout and grateful acknowledgments to ALMIGHTY GOD for the manifold mercies He has thus conferred upon them, individually and as a community, by the advice and consent of the Executive Council, I appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-first day of November next, to be observed throughout this State, with usual solemnities, as a DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

And while on this occasion we penitently deplore our ingratitude for the past benefits we have received let us devoutly supplicate our HEAVENLY FATHER, that He would still continue to visit us with His favor; that He would preserve us from every evil and mercifully supply our wants; that He would smile upon our Country, promote its interests and preside over our National and State Governments, so that their several departments may be administered with justice and wisdom; that He would bless our Schools and Seminaries of Learning, give the needful support and assistance to the Ministers of Religion and the teachers of youth, and cause the exertions of the Benevolent for the suppression of Intemperance, and for the more general diffusion of Christianity, Knowledge, and the useful Arts, to be signally successful in promoting the improvement and happiness of their fellow men.

May the oppressed and afflicted, the sick, the friendless and the destitute, be not only the subjects of our sympathy and prayers, but receive consolation and relief from the efforts of active Charity. Guided by the precepts of Christian duty, may it be the endeavor of all to comfort the afflicted, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, instruct the ignorant, reclaim the vicious and according to their ability, to leave unimproved no opportunity of doing good. So will they most effectually manifest their faith in the Holy Religion they profess, and not only by their lives, show forth praises of their SAVIOUR and their GOD.

GIVEN at the Council Chamber at Augusta, this nineteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, and in the fifty eighth year of the American Independence.

SAMUEL E. SMITH.

By the Governor,

ROSCOE G. GREENE, Sec'y of State.

We lay before our readers a paper, which may justly be regarded as remarkable, emanating as it does from the present King of Great Britain. It is a commission, issued under the privy seal, directing five of the eminent lawyers of his realm to undertake the task of rescuing the English laws from that chaotic confusion in which they have long been mingled. It will be seen by the commission that Mr. Starkie and his associates are instructed to prepare a code, or in the first instance two provisions touching crimes and their punishment, and the other, to embody all the provisions of the common law relating to the same matters; with a view to have them condensed into one written statute which shall be the only criminal law in the kingdom. The commissioners are further to report upon the expediency of reducing to a plain written code, all the various statute provisions now existing in other branches of the law. The commissioners are to report the result of their labors to parliament, and thus the question of codification will be brought, in its most imposing form, before the British nation for their decision. The project of this experiment will be anxiously watched by publicists throughout the world. Should the report of the commissioners be in favor of a code, and should parliament adopt their recommendations, the date of this paper will mark the commencement of a new era in the science of Jurisprudence.

There are alarmed at the and of military honor of their short time to confidence to cover their own the sword and that the laws by virtue of the require all civil to be attentive crimes may be whose proper apprehensions committed, by er process as ders to justice of murder, robbery, forc offences.

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In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent. Witness ourself, at Westminster, on the 23d day of July, in the 4th year of our reign.

By writ of Privy Seal, BATHURST.

ALABAMA vs. THE U. STATES.

The Governor of Alabama has issued a proclamation "to the citizens in the counties of the Creek Nation," in which, after referring to the measures of the U. States Government for the removal of intruders on the public lands on improvements belonging to the Indians, he says: "The course which the General Government has adopted and is now pursuing, is a palpable and indefensible invasion of the acknowledged rights of this State, and in its tendency, utterly subversive of our free and happy form of Government."

There are now thirty thousand of our people alarmed at the horrors of starvation on one side, and of military execution on the other. In this hour of their afflictions, I recommend and exhort them to look with abiding and undoubting confidence to the majesty of the law. It will cover them over with a shield impenetrable to the sword and bayonet. In order therefore, that the laws may be faithfully executed, and by virtue of the powers in me vested, I hereby require all civil officers of the counties aforesaid, to be attentive to the people, upon whom any crimes may be committed, or upon whom or whose property there may exist well founded apprehensions, that crimes are intended to be committed, by issuing all such warrants and other process as may be necessary to bring offenders to justice, particularly such as are guilty of murder, false imprisonment, house burning, robbery, forcible entries, and such like heinous offences.

And all good citizens are required, when duly and legally called upon, to aid and assist in the execution of all such process as may be issued by the competent authorities, and according to the laws of the land. And furthermore it is enjoined upon the citizens in counties aforesaid, to yield a ready obedience to any precept or process that may issue from the courts of the United States or this State; and especially to abstain from all acts of unlawful violence towards the Indians, who being ignorant of our laws, and their rights, should be taught to look upon their more intelligent neighbors for information and protection.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at Tuscaloosa, this 7th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1833, and the 58th year of the independence of the United States of America.

JOHN GAYLE.

By the Governor,
James I. Thornmont, Secretary of State.

A POLITICAL CURIOSITY.

We find in the Transcript of 23d ult. Mr. Clay is reported to have remarked, among other things, in reply to an address from the Young Men of Boston, as follows:

"He proceeded to say that, it was a matter of pleasure and pride to him that on almost all great public questions, he had acted in harmony with what he believed to be the views of the people of Boston."

Now we had not believed that Mr. Clay was so old a political offender; always having understood that the earlier and more sincere part of his public life was spent in an open and vigorous opposition to Boston politics. Perhaps, however, having for a few years past, been identified with the Boston federalists, he intends to take the benefit of a sort of political *jus post liminii*, or law of relation—and lay claim to the honor of having been a Boston federalist *ab initio*. Few will contend with him for the prize, or envy his "pleasure and pride."

From the Boston Morning Post.

Neighbor Walter asks us how it would do, if, under certain circumstances, he should "take courage and whisper in a certain person's ear."

"Oh name the happy day, and I'll the token bring."

"Do," right well—go it—get married at once, and give the world bonds for your good behaviour."

What's this? Is Sir Walter, of the Daily Transcript, about to "shuffle off this mortal coil"—to "commit matrimony"? What are we coming to? Our "sensible Benefactor" when he said he "would die single, thought he should never live to be married?"—besides, he has most like come to the conclusion, "the world must be peopled." He shall be "hung up in a bottle like a cat," "for the sign of blind cupid."

[N. Y. Constellation.]

OLD BOOKS.

Some years ago a gentleman in the city of Hartford had a cart load of old books which had long been in his family, piled up like lumber in his garret. He told a clergyman of that city that he had these books, and that he would give them to any one who would take them. The clergyman did not long after this offer was made, and before he could avail himself of it. The gentleman who owned them also died, the books were appraised at three dollars and purchased at the appraised price, by a bookseller, who carried them to his shop and exhibited them for sale. A gentleman of New Haven who happened to understand their value, saw them and purchased them for twenty dollars. He took them to New Haven, sold a part, kept a part for himself, made a liberal donation from them to the library of Yale College, and then sold the balance for two hundred dollars. Among those which he sold was the edition of the Fathers, now in the library at Andover, and the most perfect copy

in America; that at Cambridge being quite imperfect. The price was five hundred dollars. It is the Basil edition, printed in 1523, and like most of the old books, very superior both in paper and point to the typography of the present day.

[Franklin Mercury.]

Death occasioned by Fright. About two months since a woman went into the shop of Mr. S. Simmons, a publican and shopkeeper in this town, and requested Mrs. S. to allow her to weigh some eels. Mrs. S. told the woman that she could not allow her to weigh them there, as the aversion she had against eels was so great that even the sight of them would cause her to be ill. It appears, however, that the woman paid no attention to what Mrs. Simmons had said to her, but immediately took some from her basket and threw them into the scale. The sight of the eels, and the nearness of them to Mrs. Simmons person, had (as she predicted) such an effect as to cause her to be taken to bed, where she remained in a most dreadful state until last week, when death put an end to her sufferings, leaving a husband and young family.—[Kent Herald.]

In the Gentleman's (London) Magazine of Fashion, they give the fashions monthly; yes, monthly! think of that, shade of "Tippy Brooks!" a new dress every month! Gad, so far from following the monthly fashion, we can scarcely keep pace with the biennial; one coat in two years is quite the extent of our sumptuary indulgence. We so dislike changing our habits, we could wear one much longer if like some folks—yes, folks, Dr. Webster—we turned them every now and then.

The Advertiser of Saturday says: "A friend from the upper part of Oxford County informs us, that one Mormon preacher from Ohio, and another from New Hampshire, reinforced by a pair from Saco, have been making a great stir somewhere about Lake Umbagog. In the plantation of Letter B, in the vicinity of Lake Umbagog, nearly the whole of a Free Will Baptist Church, numbering thirty persons with their pastor, have gone over to the mormonites, and avowed their faith in the Book of Mormon. They have all been rebaptized in the waters of the Lake. In Andover, the preachers have had some trouble with the citizens, and were rather unceremoniously dismissed."

GREAT FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, Aug. 26.—A fortnight since a fire burned at Constantinople 2,600 houses, and last week another occurred at Galata, the Suburb under Pera, near the harbor, which was got under after destroying 250 houses and 600 shops, or sheds called shops. Besides these great fires, partial burnings are every day taking place, which occasion a vast share of alarm; and a general apprehension seems to be entertained that Constantinople is to be devoted this year to an awful calamity of this nature. Some persons say that the fires which have occurred are the result of accident, while others attribute them to the discontented soldiery; but enough has been done to put prudent people on the alert, and the British merchants, who have their warehouses and counting-houses in Galata, are blocking up the useless windows, and separating the communication as much as possible. A few soldiers have been arrested, and there is no doubt but that burning at Pera, was caused by them, but I cannot imagine that the troops in general are implicated in such a diabolical conspiracy. An event of importance, which has taken place here since I last addressed you, is the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty which I announced as having been agreed upon between Russia and the Porte. The ratifications were exchanged on the 21st, M. de Boutenief representing the Emperor Nicholas and the Reis Effendi the Sultan. Nothing further has transpired respecting the contents of the treaty, and a great mystery, which I cannot penetrate, is preserved about it. For several days it was confidently reported that, by one of the articles, Wallachia and Moldavia were finally ceded to Russia, who was to cancel the Turkish debt, and pay two millions sterling to the Porte—and the letters from Odessa, confirming the report, procured it general credit. But I am assured that there is no such condition, and I think the least reflection will convince us that it is not probable.

Too good to be lost. At a recent trial at the Broome Circuit, against two Physicians in a case of alleged mal-practice, the Counsel, Mr. C****, in speaking of the tardy calling of a Council of Physicians, observed to the jury, that it was very like a Coroner's Inquest; and usually differed only in this: that the one was just before, and the other just after, the final catastrophe; and the object of each was, not so much to ascertain what means might be left for restoring the patient, as to show that he came fairly by his death.

Rencontres between the people and the military have been frequent of late in Canada.—The Montreal papers mention another riot which took place in that city recently, in which the military were badly handled by a mob.—The affair occurred at the time of the races on St. Pierre course. The soldiers had daily squabbles with the citizens for three days. The opposite parties charge the disturbance, each to its adversary, the Gazette and Courant labouring to show that there was "a conspiracy

to satiate the deep rooted antipathy of the rabble" against British soldiers, and the Vindicator putting the whole blame upon the military. The presses favorable to the soldiery charge the crowd with pressing upon them, in many cases withdrawing their bayonets from the sheaths secretly, and maltreating them with clubs and planks torn from the booths, until a strong escort was provided by the commander to send them to their barracks safely. This was on the first day of the races, and on the subsequent days, the soldiers only protected themselves by remaining together; every stranger was insulted and beaten. No lives were lost, but one soldier was cruelly maimed. These riotings may be set down as the signs of the times. The spirit of opposition to the foreign military is similar to that which prevailed in Boston, just previous to the revolution, and may be ominous of similar consequences.—[Balt. Amer.]

New Store.

CUSHMAN & PHILLIPS.
HAYE taken the Store formerly occupied by R. & L. G. S. Boyed on the corner of Exchange and Middle Streets, and are now opening an entire new Stock of

Dry Goods,

Among which are the following, viz: about 150 pieces of 3-4 and 5-4 ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Merinos,

BLACK and GOLD GROS DE NAPLES and GRO DE SWISS CLOTHS from 3-8 to 6 the yard.

BLACK, BLUE, and BROWN, MULBERRY & DRAB BROAD CLOTHS.

SURTOUT cloths and CASSIMERES, OLIVE and DRAB PETERSHAM, BLUE and BROWN CAMELITS, BOCKING & FLANNEL for LININGS, FURNITURES and LINING CAMBRICS; Flag Silk Bandannas and Pocket Handkerchiefs, (low priced) one Bale Russia DIAPERS, Bro Linnen Table Covers, Linens, Long, Lawns, Linnen Cambrics, Linnen Hdk's, Thibet do, check'd and striped Cambrics, Bock and Swiss Muslin, Green and White Blouse Gauze Veils, Green Barrage, Suspenders, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. &c.

London Rose Blankets,

5-4 6-4 7-4 8-4 9-4 10-4 11-4 & 12-4.

DOMESTIC

Sheetings, Shirtings, Drills, Checks, Tickings, Warp-Yarns, Battings, Wadding, &c. &c. All of which will be sold at the lowest price for CASH.

ALSO—WANTED AS ABOVE,
3000 yds. all WOOL and COTTON & WOOL
FLANNEL.

3000 yds. FULLED CLOTH.
Forthwith, Oct. 31, 1833. 2m12

A New work for Sale!

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the subscribers for the **INDIAN BIOGRAPHY**, that they have obtained a supply of said Book from Boston, and that they will be immediately supplied with the same—ALSO, others who wish to purchase, can obtain them of the undersigned, while the subscribers are being supplied, or at their residence in Oxford and Paris.

THE **INDIAN BIOGRAPHY** is a NEW work comprising about 1000 pages, octavo, strongly bound, printed upon beautiful paper, and adorned with 232 engravings, embracing a complete history of the INDIAN HISTORY, their manners and customs, religion and laws, prepared with vast diligence and labor, by Samuel G. Drake. Persons residing in the vicinity of Paris Hill, who wish to examine or purchase the **BIOGRAPHY**, can have an opportunity by calling on ISAAC HARLOW who is authorized to sell the same. Price \$1.50.

JOHN J. PERRY,
ISAAC G. CALDWELL.
Paris, November, 1833. 3w12

NOTICE.

MISS G. B. WINTG, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Paris & vicinity that she has removed to the Shop recently occupied by Capt. B. F. Crawford where she continues to carry on the MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING business, in its various branches. She will keep constantly on hand an assortment of MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS, which will be sold as low as can be purchased in this vicinity.

DRESSES cut at short notice and warranted to fit. N. B. The subscriber gratefully acknowledges past favors, and solicits the continuance of former customers and also the patronage of the public generally.

Paris, October 23, 1833. 11

To the Legislature of the State of Maine, to be assembled January 1834.

The undersigned, a com-

mittee of the Universalist Society of Turner, in the County of Oxford and State aforesaid, beg leave to represent, that on the 12th day of October instant, the members of said Society, at a legal meeting of the same, did vote to petition the Legislature aforesaid, to give up, surrender, and to completely annul, their charter or act of incorporation; for many reasons, of which the following are some; e. g., that inasmuch as a large portion of the members of said Society, are children of the original incorporators, who find themselves members thereof, by operation of law merely, and without any act or consent of their own; and whereas said act of incorporation is now merely a dead letter, having had for many years no stated meetings,—no place of worship,—and is much broken up by the death and polling off of its members; and therefore that it is by no means desirable to sustain and keep it in existence any longer;—and thereupon constituted your undersigned a committee to carry said vote into effect, by petitioning as aforesaid.

They therefore ask of your honorable body, by a Legislative enactment, to declare said charter or act of incorporation to be surrendered and completely annulled. And as in duty bound will ever pray.

HEZEKIAH BRYANT Jr.,
SIDNEY L. HOOD.

Turner, October 25, 1833. 3w12

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident owners and proprietors of the lands in the town of Greenwood in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to the undersigned collector of the town of Greenwood, for the years eighteen hundred and thirty one, and eighteen hundred and thirty two, in their respective sums following, viz:

For the year 1831.		No. of Acres.	No. of Ranges.	Value.	Delinquent since 1830.
Names of persons, if known.					
South part unknown					
Amos Towns	4	40	30	87	69
Do.	4	25	24	100	98
Do.	1	50	32	58	58
Unknown	12	3	40	20	24
Do.	1	3	100	12	87
Formerly to B. Riggs	10	7	50	30	87
Do.	11	7	50	30	87
Supposed S. Morgan	2	5	100	25	130
Supposed Cyrus Cole	8	5	100	30	87
For the year 1832.					
Amos Town	4	25	28	98	98
John Needham	2	50	32	133	133
Formerly Moses Bradbury	4	35	30	95	95
Unknown	1	3	40	20	24
John Dusey	1	5	90	70	246
Unknown	1	3	100	12	95
Do.	2	2	100	30	105
Formerly to Cobb	4	4	100	5	53
Do.	4	4	100	25	117
Do.	0	5	100	6	53
Do.	2	0	100	25	87
Unknown	9	1	100	15	40
Do.	8	0	100	25	70
M. Riggs	7	9	100	10	35
Do.	4	4	100	35	116
Do.	1	5	100	22	72
Do.	1	6	100	32	72
Do.	5	1	100	12	33
Do.	7	3	80	120	420
Formerly C. Fuller	12	1	100	50	175
Formerly to Purinton	11	1	100	20	70
Unknown	3	5	100	25	260
Do.	3	1	80	12	56
Formerly to Merrell	6	8	100	10	47
Do.	7	8	100	10	47
Formerly Consider Cole	7	5	100	30	55
Do.	7	5	100	30	55

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber on or before the 15th day of February next, so much of the said land as will discharge the same will then be sold at public auction at the inn of Seth B. Hilborn Esq. in said Greenwood, at ten of the clock in the forenoon on said day.

FRANCIS SHAW,
Collector of Greenwood.

October 1833.

We the subscribers hav-

ing been appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Jesse Bean late of Bethel, deceased represented insolvent hereby give notice that six months are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we shall attend that service at the Inn of Jedediah Burbank in Bethel on the last Monday in December, the last Monday in February, and the last Monday in March next, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

JEDEDIAH BURBANK,
SAMUEL BARKER.

October 15th, A. D. 1833. 3w12*

FOR SALE, by the sub-

scriber ONE GOOD new CHAISE & HARNESS, cheap for cash or approved credit.

ROBT SKILLINGS.

South-Paris, Oct. 22.

3w10

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a license from the Hon. Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public auction so much of the real estate of David Washburn late of Livermore in said County, Esquire, deceased, as will produce the sum of one thousand forty-three dollars and thirty-one cents (if so much there be) for the payment of his just debts, charges of administration and incidental charges.

Said real estate consists of the following parcels—to wit: One large and convenient Store, granary and shed connected therewith, and thirty square rods of land situated at the corner near Col. Stone's in Livermore and is now occupied by Mr. Simon Hearsay.—Also about two thirds of an acre of excellent land in Livermore adjoining the house lot occupied by the deceased at the time of his death, and is directly by north of it. Also a strip of land directly west of said house lot, thirteen rods and fifteen links in length and from sixteen to twenty feet wide.—Also a gore of land containing between fifteen and twenty acres situated at the south end of Little Pond (so called) in said Livermore known by the name of the Denner land. Also two numbered four in the Universalist Meeting house on the west side of the river in Livermore. Also from 20 to 30 acres of land situated in Jay in said County on the south side of Androscoggin river, being part of the Elijah Lothrop farm.—Also three third Division lots lying in the town of Rumford in said County, viz. No. 8.—No. 107.—and No. 110; containing in the whole two hundred and forty acres, be the same more or less.

The whole of said real estate (excepting that part which is situated in said Rumford) will be exposed for sale as aforesaid, at said Store on Saturday the twenty-third day of November next, in separate parcels, including the reversion of the widow's dower wherever she may be downable.—Sale to commence at one o'clock in the afternoon.

And the said real estate situated in said Rumford will be exposed for sale at public auction on Wednesday the twenty-seventh day of November, aforesaid, at one o'clock P. M. at the dwelling house of Alvin Bolster Esq. in said Rumford.

For terms and further particulars apply to RUEL WASHBURN, Admr. Livermore, Oct. 21, 1833. 3w12*

To the Honorable the County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned, Inhab-

itants of Waterford and Norway in said County and Harrison and Bridgton in the County of Cumberland respectfully represent, that public convenience and accommodation require the location and establishment of a new road leading from the back towns in said County of Oxford to the head of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal in said Harrison and Bridgton; said road to begin at Crooked River Bridge in said Norway near Pierce's Mills, so called, thence running on the best and most practicable route to the line of the towns of Waterford and Harrison near the dwelling houses of Gardiner Chadbourn and Jonathan Siles, thence passing near William Brackett's house in said Harrison to the head of Anonymous Pond, so called, thence on the east side of said Pond to Harrison Village at the head of said Canal on the eastern side of Long Pond.

Wherefore your Petitioners pray that such proceedings may be had hereon as are by law made and provided, so that said route may be known as a public highway.

CALEB STEVENS, & 80 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD ss:

At a Court of County Commissioners began and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1833.

ON the foregoing Peti-

tion Ordered, That the Petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested and also to the County Commissioners of the County of Cumberland that the County Commissioners of the Counties of Oxford and Cumberland will meet at the dwelling house of Eli Longley, Jr. in said Waterford on Tuesday the fifth day of December next at nine o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in said Petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity of such route will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this order thereon to be served on the Chairman of the County Commissioners of said County of Cumberland; and on the County Attorneys of each of said Counties of Oxford and Cumberland, and on each of the Clerks of said towns of Norway, Waterford and Harrison, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said Towns and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Eastern Argus, the paper published by the printer to the State at Portland and in the Jeffersonian published at Portland in said County of Cumberland and in the Oxford Democrat published at Paris in said County of Oxford, the first of said publications, and each of the other notices as aforesaid to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there be present and shew cause if any they have why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW.

THE AGE---DAILY.

THE subscribers propose to resume the publication of the DAILY AGE, during the next session of the Legislature.

It will be printed, as heretofore, on the half of a large sheet, in the usual form, at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR for the session.

Any person procuring six subscribers, and remitting the amount of their subscription, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper.

Containing an early and correct account of the proceedings of the Legislature, and impartial sketches of the more important and exciting debates, it will be read with present interest, and form a convenient and valuable volume for future reference. Political matter of interest and notices of passing events will aid in giving it the variety usually sought for in the columns of a newspaper.

The publication is laborious and expensive, and cannot be sustained without a large number of subscribers. We rely upon the liberality and exertions of our Friends, to render the burden as light as possible.

L. BERRY & CO.

MAINE DAILY JOURNAL.

LUTHER SEVERANCE will continue the publication of the MAINE DAILY JOURNAL, during the ensuing session of the Legislature. The Journal when bound makes a very pretty volume, and is convenient for preservation and future reference as well as present reading, giving a full and tolerably accurate account of the legislative proceedings of the year, with other current matter, all for the small sum of one dollar. It ought to be in the possession of every politician.

The publication of the Daily Journal, with the debates in both houses of the Legislature, involves considerable expense and much labor, which can only be remunerated by a handsome list of subscribers. To obtain these the publisher relies on the friendly influence of those who have been his readers heretofore, not only political friends, but all who wish for a faithful and impartial report of legislative proceedings.

BLANKS FOR SALE, by

ISAAC HARLOW.

Paris-Hill, Oct. 8, 1833.

PORTRAY.
MUTUAL HEARTS.
Two mutual hearts are like the zilla
In solitude when single,
That wander from the moorland hills
In river streams to mingle;
And then along the fertile vale,
Their banks with blossoms painted,
They heave the billows to the gale,
Untroubled and untainted.

Two mutual hearts are like the stars
That each other's shining,
When gates of day the evening bars,
And roses are declining;
And through the long and lonesome night
That spreads its pall of sadness,
They mingle their ethereal light,
To fill the world with gladness.

Two mutual hearts are like the flowers
That twine themselves together,
When morning sends the drenching showers,
Or evening comes to wither;
And though they fall, as fall they must,
They will not, cannot sever,
But sink together to the dust,
Together lie forever.

RULES FOR CONVERSATION.
BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.
1. In stating prudential rules for our government in society, I must not omit the important one of never entering into a dispute or argument with another.
2. I never saw an instance of two disputants convincing the other by argument. I have seen many of their getting warm, becoming rude, and shooting one another.
3. Conviction is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning, either in solitude, or weighing within ourselves dispassionately, what we hear from others, standing uncommitted in argument ourselves.
4. It was one of the rules, which, above all others, made Dr. Franklin the most amiable of men in society, "never contradict to any body." If he was urged to announce an opinion, he did it rather by suggesting doubts.
5. When I hear another express an opinion, which is not mine, I say to myself, he has a right to his opinion as I have to mine, why should I question it? His error does me no injury, and shall I become a Don Quixote, to bring all men by force of argument to one opinion?
6. If a fact be misstated, it is probable he is gratified by a belief of it, and I have no right to deprive him of the gratification.
7. If he wants information he will ask it, and then I will give it in measured terms.
8. If he still believes his own story, and shows a desire to dispute the fact, with me, I hear him and say nothing. It is his affair, not mine, if he prefers error.
9. There are two classes of disputants most frequently to be met with among us. The first is of young students just entered the threshold of science, with the first view of its outlines, not yet filled up with the details and modifications, which a further progress would bring to their knowledge.
10. The other consists of the ill-tempered and rude men in society, who have taken up a passion for politics.
11. Good humor and politeness never introduce into mixed society, a question on which they foresee there will be a difference of opinion.
12. Be a listener, only, keep within yourself, and endeavor to establish with yourself the habit of silence, especially in politics. In the fevered state of our country no good can result from any attempt to set one of these fiery zealous to rights, either in fact or principle. They are determined, as to the facts they will believe, and the opinions on which they will act.
13. Get by them, therefore, as you would an angry bull; it is not for a man of sense to dispute the road with such an animal.

"Tis most undoubtedly true, that all men are equally given to their pleasure; only thus, one man's pleasure lies one way, and another's another. Pleasures are all alike simply considered in themselves: he that hunts, or he that governs the commonwealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that where-by we ourselves receive some benefit; as if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good. He that takes pleasure to hear sermons, enjoys himself as much as he that hears plays; and could he that loves plays endeavor to love sermons, possibly might bring himself to it as well as to any other pleasure. At first it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterward 't would be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that which is the great pleasure of some men, tobacco; at first they could not abide it, now they cannot abide without it. [The Pearl.]

I never could divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from which perhaps within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no genius to dispute in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons, may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. [The Pearl]

Pennsylvania Election. Of the one hundred members of the House of Representatives (says the American Sentinel) probably not less than three fourths are sound old fashioned democrats; and of the nine Senators elected, eight are certainly of the same party.

There is a period in man's life when there is something peculiarly attractive in home and when a straggling gray hair in an *moustache* reminds us that father Time has constantly his icy, withering finger upon us. We mean no reflection on old bachelors, having been once in that happy state ourselves.—*Maj. Noah.*

BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
Black, Blue, Brown, Olive, Green and Mixt.
FLANNELS,
White, Yellow, Red and Green, of all qualities.
PLAIDS & CAMELTS,
of every description, cheap.
ROSE BLANKETS,
8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, of good quality.
RUSSIA DIAPERS,
1 bale of 50 pieces, at low prices, by yard or piece.

WANTED,
5000 yards domestic all Wool and Cotton & Wool Flannels, 500 yds. Full'd Cloths.—Also, white, black, red & blue Mixt, Woolen Yarns, for which fair prices will be given, in exchange for Goods.
W. D. LITTLE,
No. 1, Mitchell's Buildings.
Sept 13, 1833.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber ONE GOOD CHAISE & HARNESS, cheap for cash or approved credit.
ROBT SKILLINGS.
South-Paris, Oct. 22.
3w10

CHAISES, SLEIGHS, &c.
THE Subscriber has established himself at Stowell's Mills, South Paris, where he carries on the COACH and CHAISE Making business in all its branches, in the most fashionable style and the best manner. Carriages repaired and painted at short notice and on reasonable terms.
Aug. 5, 1833. 6m] **ROBERT SKILLINGS.**

GOOD & CHEAP.
JAMES LONGLEY offers for Sale at his Store in South Paris, a good assortment of English, French, Domestic, Dry Goods, and Groceries.
Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. Said goods are new and fresh, and will be sold on an average, 25% below as Portland prices, except heavy articles, such as Molasses, Salt, &c.
If Cash Paid for Corn, Butter, and Lamb Pelts.
South-Paris, August 27, 1833.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
THE Copartnership of the Subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The demands due, will remain a few weeks with Asa Thayer Jr., after which, they will be left with an Attorney for collection, if not paid.
TIMOTHY FORD,
ASA THAYER JR.
Paris, Oct. 19, 1833. 10 if

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
JOHN GURNEY Administrator of the estate of John H. Roberts late of Greenwood in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.
ORDERED,
That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: **JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
REBECCA SMITH named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Nicholas Smith late of Paris in said County deceased, having presented the same for probate.
ORDERED,
That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.
STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: **JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
JOHN BAILEY, late of Turner in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to
LUCY BAILEY.
Turner, Oct. 15, 1833. 10 *

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of
SAMUEL HASKELL, late of Waterford in the County of Oxford, Cooper deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to
JOHN HERRING.
Waterford, Aug. 18, 1833. 10 *

JOB WORK,
Executed with neatness and despatch at this
OFFICE

BLANKS FOR SALE, by ISAAC HARLOW.
Paris-Hill, Oct. 8, 1833.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
ON the petition of Francis Keys administrator of the estate of Francis Keys late of Rumford in said County, Esquire, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of four hundred and nineteen dollars and seventy-eight cents and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:
ORDERED,
That the petitioner give notice to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: **JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
ON the petition of Samuel F. Rawson administrator of the estate of Isaac Knight late of Bethel in said County, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of seventy-nine dollars and ninety-five cents and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:
ORDERED,
That the petitioner give notice to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: **JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
ORAH CHIPMAN Administratrix of the estate of Simon Chipman late of Paris said County, deceased, having presented her second account of administration of the estate of said deceased.
ORDERED,
That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: **JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
FEARFUL WILLIS Guardian of Lucia W. Greenwood and Jane F. Greenwood minor children of Verres Greenwood late of Hebron in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said wards.
ORDERED,
That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: **JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
LEONARD GROVER Administrator of the estate of Hezekiah Grover late of Fryeburg Academy Grant in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased.
ORDERED,
That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: **JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
STATE OF MAINE.
OXFORD, ss:
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public vendue at the Court House in Paris in said County on Saturday the twenty-first day of December Anno Domini eighteen hundred and thirty-three at ten o'clock in the forenoon.
All the right, title and interest which Caleb Besse has in equity of redeeming a certain parcel of Real Estate situated in Bethel in said County viz.—Lot numbered four in the first Range of lots in said town with the buildings thereon.—The same being mortgaged to William Reed, for security of one hundred dollars, and annual interest from March the thirty-first A.D. 1826. To the Record of which mortgage deed recorded with the Records of said County, Book 28 Page 7, reference is made.
ISAIAH WHITEMORE, Dep. Sh'ff.
Paris, October 19, 1833. 3w10

Sheriff's Sale.
OXFORD ss:
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public vendue at the Court House in Paris in said County, on Saturday the twenty-first day of December Anno Domini eighteen hundred and thirty-three at ten o'clock in the forenoon.
All the right, title and interest which Timothy Pratt of Jay has in equity of redeeming the following described real estate situated in Jay in said County viz.—The north part of lot No. one in the fourth range of lots in said town on the Western side of Androscoggin River with the buildings thereon.—The same having been deced by said Timothy Pratt to James Starr, Jr., by Deed bearing date March 27th 1829 for security of the payment of one hundred and forty-three dollars or thereabouts and interest on the same; to the record of which deed in the County Registry reference is made.
ISAIAH WHITEMORE, Dep. Sh'ff.
Paris, October, 19th 1833.

BLANKS FOR SALE, by ISAAC HARLOW.
Paris-Hill, Oct. 8, 1833.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.
CADWELLADER F. JONES Guardian of Johnathan Saunders of Norway, in said County, a non compos, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said non compos.
ORDERED,
That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest: **JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.**

Administrator's Sale.
BY virtue of a license from the Hon. Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public auction so much of the real estate of Davis Washburn late of Livermore in said County, Esquire, deceased, as will produce the sum of one thousand forty-three dollars and thirty-one cents (if so much there be) for the payment of his just debts, charges of administration and incidental charges.
Said real estate consists of the following parcels—to wit: One large and convenient Store, granary and shed connected therewith, and thirty square rods of land situated at the corner near Col. Stone's in Livermore and is now occupied by Mr. Simeon Hearsay.—Also about two thirds of an acre of excellent land in Livermore adjoining the house lot occupied by the deceased at the time of his death, and is directly north of it.—Also a strip of land directly west of said house lot, sixteen rods and fifteen links in length and from sixteen to twenty feet wide.—Also a gore of land containing between fifteen and twenty acres situated at the south end of Little Pond (so called) in said Livermore known by the name of the Denner land. Also numbered four in the Methodist Meeting house on the west side of the river in Livermore. Also from 20 to 30 acres of land situated in Jay in said County on the south side of Androscoggin river, being part of the Elijah Lothrop farm.—Also three third Division lots lying in the town of Rumford in said County, viz. No. 83.—No. 107.—and No. 110, containing in the whole two hundred and forty acres, be the same more or less.

The whole of said real estate (excepting that part which is situated in said Rumford) will be exposed for sale as aforesaid, at said Store on Saturday the twenty-third day of November next, in separate parcels, including the reversion of the widow's dower wherever she may be dowerable.—Sale to commence at one o'clock in the afternoon.
And the said real estate situated in said Rumford will be exposed for sale at public auction on Wednesday the twenty-seventh day of November, aforesaid, at one o'clock P. M.
For terms and further particulars apply to
REUEL WASHBURN, Adm'r.
Livermore, Oct. 21, 1833.

Sheriff's Notice.
OXFORD, ss.
TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the house of Joshua Smith, Esq. in Norway on Saturday the 30th day of November, at ten o'clock A. M. all the right, title and interest in equity of redemption which Ruben Hill of Norway has in and to redeem the farm on which he now lives, and also one other piece of land situated in said Norway. The above premises being subject to a Mortgage to Wm. C. Whitney to secure the payment of \$72 82 cents with interest from Nov. 26, 1832. Recorded in book 38, page 287 & 288. Further particulars made known at the time and place of sale.
H. W. MILLETT, Dep. Sh'ff.
Norway, Oct. 26, 1833

THE PEARL AND LITERARY GAZETTE.
DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, LEGENDS, ESSAYS, TRAVELLING, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES, BIOGRAPHY, POETRY, &c.
ISAAC C. PRAY, JR. EDITOR.
VOLUME III.
It will be issued in semi-monthly numbers, each containing eight large quarto pages of miscellaneous and interesting matter, printed on a royal sheet of fine paper, embellished, monthly, with a piece of music for the Piano Forte. A handsome title page and index will be furnished, and the work at the end of the year will form a beautiful printed volume of 208 pages. It will be forwarded—enclosed in strong wrappers—to any part of the United States, by the earliest mails.
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**WILLIAM K. PORTER, } Com'rs.
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